

Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. 2.

BISMARCK, D. T., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1874.

NO. 8.

The Bismarck Tribune.

An Independent Newspaper published by
THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
One year.....\$2.00 Three months.....75
Six months.....1.25 Single copies.....10

Subscriptions payable invariably in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.
TRANSIENT—1 square, 1 time, \$1. Additional insertions, 50 cts. each. One-eighth column, 1 time, \$2; additional insertions \$1.25. One-fourth column, 1 time, \$3.60; additional insertions \$2.50. One-half column, 1 time, \$10; additional insertions \$4. One column, 1 time, \$20; additional insertions \$6.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

Lawrence Barret is in St. Paul.
Susan denies that she ever sat in Theodore's lap.
The Missouri Republican heads a column, "Angels in Petticoats".

A brother of Gen. Burnside suicided at Fairland, Indiana, last week.

"A good workman is known by his chips," and so is a good poker player.

One and one-half million logs over the falls is what all Minneapolis lumbermen.

Beecher has sworn to his answer to Tilton's statement, and will sue Tilton for libel.

Beecher describes Carpenter as a philanthropic busy-body, and a good natural fool.

Moulton carries his enmity too far. He says Beecher is a thief, as well as a libertine and liar.

John Morrissey has made a clean profit of \$40,000 this year, with three Congressmen yet to hear from.

And St. An B.
Anthony she

Sat in the lap of Theodore T.

Secretary Bristow proposes to call in thirty million of the 6-2½ per cent. bonds on the 1st of September.

Heaven! Eli Perkins has got into it too!—Mail. Two to one that Mrs. Tilton denies it.—Tom King.

An Exchange says: "The young man—who-parts his hair-in-the-middle and his money are soon parted."

The N. P. Land Office, for the Pacific Division, has been removed from Kalamazoo to Tacoma, Washington, Territory.

How wicked the new generation is becoming! Little boys now walk coolly up to a fruit-stand and draw to a great extent destroyed.

"Speak roughly to your little boy, and beat him when he sneezes; he only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases."

The Milwaukee man who tied his dog to a wagon-wheel to learn him to be a coach dog, is disgusted with the whole business.

Work is to commence at once on the St. Vincent Branch, from Glyndon northward, and on the Bradford Branch also, it is rumored.

"Heap shot, no powder," said a dusky native of the plains, on seeing a new Winchester loaded with its seventeen metallic case cartridges.

Harding, editor of the Indianapolis Herald, shot a Jew named Morley, for the seduction of his daughter, last week. The daughter suicided.

Seven thousand dollars, just for feeling of a woman's ankle, and then not feeling of them either, is rather an expensive luxury.—Toledo Blade

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe.
The steamer goes to the raves,
And city lots are staked for sale,
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

General Myer has complete arrangements with European meteorologists for an international system of reports, and nearly two hundred foreign stations are now engaged in the work.

Tilton has sued Beecher for adultery, putting the damages at \$100,000, and has prosecuted three newspapers for libel. Beecher threatens to respond in a libel suit against Tilton and Moulton.

The Helena Herald says that the placer mines of Montana, like those of most mines in the Territory, are mainly idle for lack of water, the unusually hot weather of this summer having dried up most of the streams.

It seems like a waste of time to spend five years at West Point for the purpose of acquiring the title of Lieutenant, when a few words can be called "congratulations" by simply addressing a few words to a "thirsty colonel" by name.

There is no stone yet to mark the spot in Mount Auburn cemetery where Charles Sumner was buried, and a lady visited the cemetery a few days ago found it, after hunting a long time, with a stake at its head bearing visiting card, on which were the words, "Summer's grave."

A poor Irishwoman applied to a lady for a flower or two to put in the hands of her dead infant, and when a handsome bouquet was handed to her she offered to pay for it, which was declined, when, with a look full of gratitude, she exclaimed, "May the Lord meet you at the gate of Heaven with a crown of roses!"

A Georgetown person, who is also a school-teacher, handed a problem to a class in mathematics the other day. "The first boy took it, looked at it a while, and said: 'I can't take it.' 'Very well, boy,' said the person, 'we'll cut out for a new deal,' and with this remark the leather strap danced like lightning over the shoulders of those dreary departed mathematicians.

Ex-Commissioner Jackman, of Bismarck, is at the Merchants. If we are not mistaken, that place has been too hot for him.—St. Paul Paper.

A scoundrel is one who gives up part of his own character to injure that of another. Detraction is the effect of envy. When a man is not disposed or able to follow the example of another, he strives to detract from the merit of his actions by questioning the purity of his motives.

Custer, all about the Black Hills, and the TRIBUNE one year for \$2.

Custer Interviewed.

RESULTS AND OBJECTS OF THE EXPEDITION.

Extent of Exploration and of Gold Discoveries.

THE SURRENDER OF THE BLACK HILLS A MILITARY NECESSITY.

But the Treaty with the Sioux Must be Respected.

THE POLICY OF THE MILITARY TOWARD SETTLERS.

The Best Route to the Black Hills.

What Capt. John Smith Knows About the Routes.

A TRIBUNE reporter was dispatched yesterday to interview Gen. Custer relating to the Black Hills Gold Discoveries, the probable policy of the military authorities in relation to exploring parties seeking to enter the Black Hills prior to the extinguishment of the Indian title, the best route to reach the Eldorado, &c., &c., with the following result:

Reporter—Allow me to congratulate you, General, on your safe return. I presume, however, you were disappointed in not having a brush with the Sioux.

Custer—Yes I was somewhat disappointed for, though I had sent pacific messages and had taken every precaution to avoid hostilities, I had reason to anticipate trouble. I was disappointed, and am heartily glad of it.

Some thought I courted an engagement—such was not the case, and I congratulate myself and the country on the return of the Expedition without bloodshed. An engagement, no matter how trifling, would have been magnified and misrepresented, and the good effects of the Expedition would have been to a great extent destroyed.

Reporter—I see you endorse fully the reports of the explorers and newspaper correspondents concerning the Gold Discoveries and therefore presume there can be no doubt as to the richness of the discoveries.

Custer—The reports are not exaggerated in the least; the prospects are even better than represented. I am familiar with and to some extent interested in Colorado mines, and I saw localities in the Black Hills similar, as to formation, to the richest regions in Colorado, where the Geologists insisted the precious metals must be found, that were not explored by the miners at all.

These localities were met with in my rambles among the valleys when the explorers were not within reach.

Reporter—What was the best prospect reported to you?

Custer—The product of one pan of earth was laid on my table which was worth not less than two dollars. It contained some fifty particles of gold, ranging from a color to the size of a pin head.

Reporter—Was gold found in localities other than in Custer's Park?

Custer—Yes at various points, though the explorers report the richest prospects there; but as I said before, the scientific gentlemen are satisfied that far richer discoveries will be made on further exploration. The miners also agree with this view of the case.

Reporter—Where did you first strike the gold country?

Custer—A long way this side of Harney's Peak we struck a country which gave unmistakable evidence of containing gold in paying quantities,

and I am satisfied that a rich mining region will be found in the northeastern portion of the Hills.

Reporter—What is the best route to reach the Black Hills Mines from the Missouri River?

Custer—Unquestionably a direct route from Bismarck in the direction of Bear Butte.

Reporter—What is the distance from Bismarck to the Gold region, and the nature of the country?

Custer—The distance from Bismarck to Bear Butte is about one hundred and ninety-eight miles. Harney's Peak is 35 miles southwest of Bear Butte. Custer's Gulch can be reached by a march of two hundred and forty miles over an excellent country, affording good grazing, a fair amount of timber, an abundance of water and everything essential to building up prosperous villages along the route. A route which offers absolutely no engineering difficulties should occasion demand the construction of a railroad from Bismarck to the hills.

Reporter—How many days will it require to reach the gold region from Bismarck with loaded trains?

Custer—The trip can be made without the least difficulty in eight days, though ordinarily it should take ten days.

Reporter—Are there no bad lands on this route?

Custer—None whatever. The bad lands, or *mauvais terres* are located along the Little Missouri and the Yellowstone rivers, and are wholly barren of vegetation. Sully describes them as looking like the "bottom of hell with the fires out."

Where the Northern Pacific crosses the Little Missouri they are only five miles in extent, and thirty miles south of the proposed crossing they disappear entirely. From the point of beginning they increase in extent until the mouth of the river is reached.

The same is true of the Yellowstone river bad lands. They wholly disappear on its head waters. The country along the route suggested is not a sage brush region even, but is in the main fair rolling prairies, with occasional tracts somewhat sandy, producing cactus; but these tracts are very limited in extent. On our recent trip from Bismarck to the Sioux.

Custer—Yes I was somewhat disappointed for, though I had sent pacific messages and had taken every precaution to avoid hostilities, I had reason to anticipate trouble. I was disappointed, and am heartily glad of it.

Some thought I courted an engagement—such was not the case, and I congratulate myself and the country on the return of the Expedition without bloodshed. An engagement, no matter how trifling, would have been magnified and misrepresented, and the good effects of the Expedition would have been to a great extent destroyed.

Reporter—You speak of deviating from your course in marching to the Black Hills; why did you deviate?

Custer—My instructions and the objects of the expedition contemplated an exploration of as great an extent of the unexplored region as possible, and I made the deviation in order to take in a country wholly unexplored. I marched three or four days on a direct route from Bismarck to the Black Hills, then took a westerly course into Montana, then southerly into Wyoming, then southeasterly into the Black Hills, entering them from the west.

Reporter—Are the hills accessible from other directions?

Custer—It is believed that all attempts to enter the Hills from the South or East will be futile. I made several attempts to pass through them southward but failed to find a passage. I had no difficulty in entering them from the west or in passing out toward the northeast.

Reporter—I see it is claimed that old Fort Pierre is nearer on the maps than Bismarck to the Black Hills region.

Custer—Referring to Reynolds, who passed over the route from Fort Pierre to Bear Butte in 1859, I find that he pronounces against the country. On page 27 he says: "We have now been out ten traveling days, and are one hundred and forty miles from Fort Pierre.

The whole country traversed is entirely unfit for the residence of white men." This, as I understand it, is the trail that

some parties have talked of taking. I do not think it a feasible route or one likely to be adopted. It cannot be compared with the direct route. I have suggested, running southwesterly from Bismarck, crossing at nearly right angles the following streams: Little Heart, Cannon Ball, Battle Creek, Grand River, Owl River and Cherry Creek, striking the Cheyenne at its forks. These streams are all small, and excepting one or two, afford good water and every facility for camping.

Reporter—Is there danger of interference on the part of Indians on the route suggested.

Custer—The country is neutral ground, and is not occupied by them, though small war or hunting parties pass over it occasionally. It is unquestionably the safest route; the Indians located at the agencies south and southeast of the Black Hills are very liable to give trouble to immigrants. Many outrages have occurred in that locality of late, while not a single outrage has occurred in any district during the past season except two cases of stock stealing.

Reporter—What is the probable policy of the military toward persons seeking to enter the Black Hills this fall?

Custer—The government has entered into a solemn treaty with the Indians whereby they agree to keep off all trespassers. This is a law of the land, and should be respected, and Gen. Sheridan has already issued instructions to the military to prevent expeditions entering upon the reservation and parties contemplating going have been warned to keep off.

Reporter—But, General, you are aware that you have a long line to guard and small parties may slip across the line and enter the reservation while the military is powerless to prevent it.

Custer—That is true to some extent but until Congress authorizes the settlement of the country the military will do its duty. When the Indian title is extinguished the military will aid the settlers in every way possible. I shall recommend the extinguishment of the Indian title at the earliest moment practicable for military reasons.

Reporter—What are those reasons General?

Custer—The Black Hills region is not occupied by the Indians and is seldom visited by them. It is used as sort of a back-room to which they may escape after committing depredations, remaining in safety until quiet is again restored. It is available in keeping up communication between the agency Indians and the hostile tribes located in the buffalo region northwest of the Hills, and if the Black Hills region is wrested from them this communication will be broken up and a fruitful source of trouble will be removed.

The extinguishment of the Indian title to the Black Hills, and the establishment of a military post in the vicinity of Harney's Peak and another at some point on the Little Missouri will settle the Indian question so far as the Northwest is concerned.

Reporter—A region as valuable as the Black Hills are for agricultural purposes it would seem ought to be open for settlement. Their agricultural worth alone ought to be enough to cause the extinguishment of the Indian title were there no other reason.

Custer—Too much cannot be said in favor of the agricultural worth of the valleys in the Black Hills. No country in the world is superior for stock growing—the grazing is unsurpassed, the valleys are sheltered from driving storms, the snow fall is evidently light, the rain fall abundant. Think of those brooks in which the water is pure as crystal and only twelve degrees above freezing the warmest days in summer in connection with butter and cheese making. The valleys are not wide and yet they are extensive and the rich pasture extends not only throughout the valleys but well up on the pine clad ridges. Let the outer rim of a wash dish represent the outer rim of the Hills, then dent the bottom so as to represent smaller hills and valleys and you have a very correct idea of the interior of the hills. Nature it would seem exhausted her resources in attempting to beautify and fit for

husbandman these delightful valleys. Man could ask no more at her hands.

Capt. John W. Smith was also approached in our interview. The Capt. has been freighting and trading on the plains for many years and is known to almost every one in Kansas, Nebraska, Western Iowa and Southern Dakota. In all of the Black Hills schemes originating below John W. Smith is referred to and his familiarity with the country admitted. He is a worthy and intelligent gentleman, a man in good circumstances, the trader of the recent Expedition, one whose statements are entitled to credit and will carry with them great weight where he is known. Capt. Smith endorses every word of Gen. Custer, as reported above, relating to the best route to reach the Black Hills. He is satisfied that the one suggested is nearly two hundred miles nearer than any other—nearer by one half than the route from Sioux City—while it has all the advantages claimed for it by Custer. A route from old Fort Pierre is suggested but Smith says the distance from Yankton to Fort Pierre is as great as the distance from Bismarck to the gold fields and from Fort Pierre to the mines is as much more. He has traveled over the route many times to within a few miles of the Hills, hauled freight over it and knows what he is talking about. As a quick and safe route Smith insists that the one from Bismarck is unequalled and that it must take the bulk of travel.

BLACK HILLS.

The Tribune Correspondent Makes a Final Report. Return of the Expedition. Gen. Custer's New Command, &c.

Fort A. LINCOLN, D. T.,
August 31st, 1874.

Special Correspondence Bismarck Tribune.

On the morning of the 16th, the march was renewed for Lincoln, the command moving in a northwesterly direction for the further exploration of the Little Missouri, crossing the Belle Fourche 20 miles from Bear Butte.

Soon after breaking camp on the morning of the 16th, four hostile Sioux were seen, and Bloody Knife was sent forward to interview them. They said there was war party ahead, and that in Prospect Valley the whole Sioux nation was waiting for us; but no Indians were seen, and no signs excepting a small trail, which was some days old, leading east.

BLACK HILLS

Gen. Custer again Reports

SUBSEQUENT EXAMINATIONS CONFIRM AND STRENGTHEN FORMER REPORTS.

GOLD IN THE GRASS ROOTS AND IN EVERY PANFUL OF EARTH BELOW.

Anybody Can Find it—No Former Experience Required.

FURTHER FACTS REGARDING THE COUNTRY STILL BEAUTIFUL.

The Exploration of the Hills—The Mystery Explained.

AN EDEN AND AN ELDORADO—HELD BY THE HOSTILE SIOUX BUT NOT OCCUPIED.

Sentiment of the People—The Gold Excitement and what will come of it.

Special correspondence Bismarck Tribune.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 22.—The following is a synopsis of Gen. Custer's official report to the Adjutant General, Department of Dakota, dated, Bear Butte, Aug. 15th, 1874.

THE RETURN.

The General describes the march from Harney's Peak to Bear Butte, which was made with much difficulty, and adds that the expedition will return by a different route, exploring still further the head waters of the Little Missouri with a view to locating correctly, that river, of which comparatively little is known, especially of its head waters.

THE EXPEDITION

will reach Lincoln Aug. 31st.

The report continues: The expedition entered the Black Hills from the west side, penetrated through the eastern and most southern ranges, exploring the inner portion, and passed out through the North Eastern range, which forms the boundary of the Hills.

NOT AS REPRESENTED.

From the fact, that in all our marches through the Black Hills, we have taken, without serious obstacles, a heavy laden train, of over one hundred wagons, it may be inferred that the Black Hills do not constitute the impenetrable region heretofore represented.

THE ENTRANCE.

In entering the Black Hills from any direction, the most serious, if not the only obstacles, are encountered at once, near the outer base. This probably accounts for

THE MYSTERY

which has so long existed regarding the character of the interior. Exploring parties have contented themselves with marching around the outer exterior base, and from the forbidding aspect of the Hills, as viewed at a distance, inferring that an advance toward them would only encounter increased obstacles.

NO BETTER COUNTRY.

No portion of the United States can boast richer soil, better pasture, or purer water—the natural temperature of which, in mid-summer, as it flows from the earth, is but twelve degrees above freezing—and of greater advantages generally to the farmers or stock raiser, than are to be found in the Black Hills.

ADVANTAGES.

Building stone of the best quality is found in inexhaustible quantities. Wood for fuel and lumber for all time to come. Rains are frequent, with no evidence of either drouth or freshet.

The season is perhaps too short, and the nights too cool, for corn, but I believe all other grain could be produced here in

WONDERFUL ABUNDANCE.

Wheat particularly would yield largely.

MINERALS.

There can be no doubt as to the existence of various minerals throughout the Hills, but as this subject has received the special attention of the experts who accompany the expedition, who will report upon this subject in detail,

it only remains for me to mention the fact that iron and plumbago have been found, and gypsum—in beds apparently inexhaustible.

REPORTS CONFIRMED.

Subsequent examinations at numerous points, confirm and strengthen the fact of the existence of

GOLD IN THE BLACK HILLS.

On some of the water courses almost every pan full of earth produced gold in small but paying quantities.

Brief halts and rapid marches prevented anything but a very hasty examination of the country in this respect but in one place, and the only one within my knowledge where so great a depth was reached; a shaft was dug eight feet deep, and the miners report that they found

GOLD AMONG THE GRASS ROOTS,

and from that point to the lowest point reached, gold was found in paying quantities.

ANY BODY COULD FIND IT.

It has not required an expert to find gold in the Black Hills, as men without former experience in mining have discovered it at an expense of but little time and labor.

THE STOCK.

In speaking of the stock accompanying the expedition, the General declares the beef cattle in better condition than when they started, while the mules in the train have held their own, and the cavalry horses are in good working condition.

NEVER SEEN SO MUCH GAME.

He concludes by saying: "I have never seen as many deer as in the Black Hills—elk and bear have also been killed."

The wildest excitement exists, and many have the gold fever. The rush to the Black Hills bids fair to be as great as that to California in 1849.

The country is now restless and full of men out of employment who will not be curbed—men who are infatuated with the idea of sudden wealth, and who will stake life, home, and all they hold dear, to reach this new Eldorado.

The newspaper reports were enough to set the world crazy, but those of Gen. Custer confirming all others, settles the question—and seals the doom of the hostile Sioux.

People may preach peace as much as they like, but when it is considered that the Black Hills are held for the Sioux, but not occupied, and but seldom visited by them—they holding them as sacred ground, only because of their superstition, people will rebel at the policy which would keep them from occupying them.

The country needs the excitement. The unemployed mechanics or artisans will find relief. The disheartened granger can turn from his schemes of railway regulations and find profitable employment in mines which are said to yield

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS PER DAY, willing as all sensible men are, to become a bloated monopolist or capitalist, if good luck will only force the gold upon him. Yes all men not dead to the necessities of the hour, to the progress of the age, welcome the discoveries of Gen. Custer, and hail him, and the noble officers who have supported him as benefactors.

"It's Mighty Hard to Bore."

The St. Cloud *Journal* denounces as an impostor a pretended mute who has been dead beating it in that vicinity, and on the Sauk Rapids *Sentinel* telling its experience with the same fellow, the Brainerd *Tribune* says:

"We reckon this is the same cuss that was in to see us the other day, and kept us away from our dinner an hour, getting to our sympathetic heart, on paper. He assured us (with a pencil) that he was one of the hunkiest mutes on the job, and said many nice things about himself, one of which was that he was in need of a dollar the worst in the world; that was the day we took in a dollar on subscription, and so gave it to him. He worked us up to such a degree of sympathy that we were just on the point of giving him our note for ten dollars more, but happened to think that such a move would be cruelty instead of kindness—as it wouldn't have been worth two cents on the dollar, no how. Any way, we gave him all we had, added our blessing, and invited him to call again as often as possible, and he shouldn't suffer, etc.; and to think now, that he was nothing but an ordinary cuss, its mighty hard to bore."

There can be no doubt as to the existence of various minerals throughout the Hills, but as this subject has received the special attention of the experts who accompany the expedition, who will report upon this subject in detail,

Black Hills Correspondence.

Ouster's Gulch—The Tribune Man and Others Take Gold Claims—None Disappointed at the Results of the Expedition—Poor Lo must Fall—Game Killing, a Grizzly—Custer, Bloody Knife and Bear—Black Hills Region.

CAMP CUSTER'S BLACK HILLS EXPEDITION, BEAR BUTTE, LONGITUDE 103°, LATITUDE 44°, Saturday, August 15th, 1874.

Special Correspondence Bismarck Tribune:

On the morning of the 6th inst., the command took up its line of march for Bear Butte, where it arrived last evening. Bear Butte is about 160 miles south of Bismarck and 110 miles west, say 215 miles in a direct line.

Custer's Park is about 40 miles southwest, though to reach that point we have marched 105 miles, tramping around through valleys and ravines.

EXPLORATION COMPLETED.

The exploration of the Black Hills is now completed, but the General will probably

EXTEND HIS EXPLORATIONS

up the north fork of the Cheyenne, and to the head waters of the Little Missouri, then returning to Bismarck by another route—though, undoubtedly, a direct one. You need not look for us before the 31st inst.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Gold, silver, plumbago and iron, and immense beds of gypsum, have been found—the two former in paying quantities.

On the morning of leaving Custer Park, in what will hereafter be known as

CUSTER'S GULCH,

the following notice might have been seen posted by the side of a shaft sunk by Messrs. Ross and McKay:

DISTRICT NO. 1, CUSTER'S GULCH, Black Hills, August 5th, 1874.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned claimants do claim (4,000) four thousand feet, commencing at No. 8, above discovery, and running down to No. 12 below discovery, for mining purposes, and do intend to work the same as soon as peaceable possession can be had of this portion of the territory by the general government; and we do hereby locate the above claims in accordance with the laws of Dakota Territory governing mining districts.

H. N. Ross, discoverer, 400 feet.

Mike Smith, below discovery No. 1.

Walt. Comer. " 2.

W. J. Konnelly, " 3.

W. T. McKay, " 4.

Dan Manning, " 5.

Henry Hennig, " 6.

N. H. Knappen, " 7.

Dick Matherson, " 8.

Harry Roberts, " 9.

James Brook, " 10.

Tim. Hose, " 11.

George Bosworth, " 12.

Pat Smith, above discovery, " 8.

C. W. Freede, " 7.

F. Weddle, " 6.

Alex. McBeth, " 5.

C. Bassett, " 4.

Samuel O'Connell, " 3.

George McCabe, " 2.

James McGee, " 1.

This is a sluice diggings, and is estimated at \$10 per day to a man.

NONE DISAPPOINTED.

No member of the expedition is disappointed at the result of the expedition and the belief is common among members of the expedition that there are not troops enough in this department to prevent the immediate occupation of the country by miners.

Why not occupy the

BLACK HILLS?

It is now well known that though the Black Hills country belongs to the Indians, it is not occupied by them, and is seldom visited by them. Because of their superstition it has been held as a sacred spot to them—as the

HUNTING GROUND OF THE GREAT SPIRIT, and, just here, permit me to remark that the belief prevails among the command that if the Great Spirit should determine to seek a hunting ground, he would go no further than the Black Hills for it.

GAME OF ALL KINDS ABOUND,

and in unlimited quantities.

It is a fact recognized by all, that there are no finer grazing lands in the world, than are those in the valleys of the Black Hills, and none can see any reason why they should not be occupied by the adventurous white man. I dare say that none who will consider the rich deposits of gold and silver, the abundance of game, the soil, water and timber—the fact that the country abounds in everything that will make a great State prosperous and wealthy, will for a moment agree with those who think that this country should still be

left in the hands of the Indians, who like the

DOG IN THE MANGER, will neither occupy it themselves or allow others to occupy it.

It is true the expedition was an affair of peace, not intended to bring on hostilities—nor has it brought them on—for not a shot has as yet been fired at the hostile Indians—none have made their appearance, but the news 'ere this

is abroad in the land, and the restless spirits from all localities will flock to the frontier towns, and they will break for the Black Hills, and will reach them, too, and to prevent it would require a larger army than it would take to guard the Rio Grande, were every Mexican determined to supply himself with American stock.

And in the conflict which follows

POOR LO MUST FALL, for though he has some rights that white men are bound to respect, he has none that

INFATUATED GOLD HUNTERS will respect.

The facts should be considered by the Government and immediate steps taken for the peaceful extinguishment of the Indian titles.

GAME.

I said game was abundant. So it is.

There are deer, black and white tailed, elk, black and grizzly bears, mountain sheep, mountain lions and all manner of fur bearing animals.

KILLING A GRIZZLY.

Gen. Custer and Col. Ludlow, on the 7th inst., killed a grizzly which weighed about eight hundred pounds. Six or eight shots were fired before the old fellow surrendered. On receiving the first shot he cocked himself up on his hind legs, and showing his huge teeth, he grinned defiance; but like all who fight Custer, he was compelled to surrender.

ANOTHER GRIZZLY.

On the same evening, the Santee scouts killed the mate to the one killed by Custer and Ludlow, which was even larger than the male, but before bringing her down, the noble Santees fired shots enough to extinguish the whole Sioux nation.

The one killed by Custer and Ludlow had claws fully five inches long, and teeth or tusks as long as a man's finger, which were set outside the lips, making an animal somewhat ferocious in appearance. I have rode inside the columns since I saw those jaws—would rather see old Sitting Bull than such a bear.

A PICTURE WORTH HAVING.

Illingsworth took a photograph of the stricken monarch, with Gen. Custer, Col. Ludlow, and Bloody Knife the Sioux guide, standing around it.

BEAR BUTTE REGION.

We entered the Hills from the west side, through the Western Pass, and sought an outlet through the northeast, which we found, though not without considerable difficulty.

The formation of this portion of the Hills is the same as that of the western portion. The lower range is covered with a black substance which resembles crushed coal—possibly lava—the upper range is of red sandstone. Bear Butte is about two and one-half miles outside the Hills. There is but little timber on it, and it is surrounded by prairie. Next to Harney's Peak, Bear Butte is the highest of the hills.

BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPES.

After leaving Custer's Park on the 6th, we marched for two days through a beautiful country—parks and valleys—of which the Black Hills are full; the landscapes in many instances arranged as if by art. On the 8th we marched through a forest destroyed by fire and storms—desolate enough, I assure you; but soon we struck another section as lovely as the loveliest. The 11th was spent hunting for an outlet through the Hills—the 12th and 13th in the same way, but yesterday we struck the prairie about twenty miles southwest from this point.

PAINTING.

All regretted to leave the Hills with their pleasant groves, beautiful lawns, ice cold brooks, and luscious fruits and gems of gold and silver.

For no country has nature done so much as for this, leaving so little to be done by the husbandman. The open and timbered spaces are so divided that a person can obtain a farm of almost any dimensions, from an acre upwards, with the proper proportion of timber,

and prairie, with pure babbling brooks, in which the water is only 12 degrees

GOLD AND SILVER.

Sixteen Hundred Millions Dug Out on the Pacific Coast.

Notwithstanding the expanded ideas of California wealth that exist abroad and at home, it will surprise not a few to learn that one-third of all the gold and silver coined and uncoined in circulation in the world, and half of that used in America, Europe and Australia, has been the product of the Pacific coast from 1848 to 1874. The precious metal product of the coast, has nearly equaled a value of \$1,600,000,000, the exact figures being \$1,583,644,834, of which \$1,347,509,503 was gold, and \$236,135,431 silver. But for the immense product poured into the coffers of commerce, it is difficult to imagine how the latter could have been carried on, enormous as its increase has been without a corresponding depreciation in prices, or a vast expansion of the system of credits and paper money. To the United States in particular it has supplied nearly \$9,000,000,000 of all precious metals used in coinage and the arts since the foundation of the Government. The total amount coined up to the end of 1873 was nearly \$860,000,000, of which \$750,000,000 has been from California gold or silver. What would have been done without this, and how commerce could have been carried on with foreign nations, are questions that are puzzling. It seems, indeed, that the general progress of not only the Pacific coast, but of the whole nation, would have been very sensibly retarded. England, since 1848, has loaned eight thousand million dollars to the nations, and this she has been enabled to do by means of the gold and silver product of America and Australia—mainly the former. At least five thousand millions of this sum, bringing a yearly interest of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars has been derived from the Pacific coast. Nearly all that we have sent East, and \$190,000,000 more, has gone thither, and has been loaned some half a dozen times. England lends gold and silver obtained from the United States, in exchange for goods to France. France pays it back again for merchandise. Then it is borrowed by Germany and by that nation paid back for manufactures, when it is again loaned to Russia, and so on. By this system one dollar in coin is sometimes made to perform the work of a dozen, and hence it is that capitalists of England grow rich on the handling of the product of our lodes and placers.

Of the whole yield California has produced three-fourths, or \$1,094,919,098, nearly all gold, with a small sprinkling of silver. It is thought that there exists mammoth silver lodes in various parts of the State, but they all pale their ineffectual fires before the wondrous ores of Nevada. This State comes next, having produced since 1860 upward of \$221,402,412 in gold and silver, three-fourths having come out of the wonderful mines of the Comstock. The greater portion of this has been silver, although in many mines the gold forms at least one-third of the precious metals, yielded in the assay. Utah, though long known as a country rich in the precious metals, has only lately been a producer of them. The Territory has produced \$18,527,527, principally silver, and is increasing in production at a great rate. In fact, its resources in this way are simply inexhaustable. Montana first became known in 1862, and for two or three years its placers gave great promise, but they have lately ceased to yield much, and quartz mining is not being pushed with sufficient vigor to make amends for the failure of the placers. It has produced altogether up to the present time \$119,308,147. The same may be said of Idaho, which has produced \$57,249,197. Colorado, as a mining field, is just about being developed, and will make for

itself, by and by, as great a name as Nevada or California. It has produced about \$30,000,000. Oregon and Washington have a history very similar to that of Idaho. They have produced \$25,501,250. British Columbia has added about \$9,000,000 to the riches of the coast, and Arizona a small sum; but that Territory is capable of being made to support a large mining population. Its being named at present as a mining territory is a seeming misnomer, as its yield is very small, but it has great and undeveloped mining capacities.

For the last seven years the yield of the precious metals on this coast has been increasing steadily, last year having increased about 14 per cent. being \$80,287,435 against \$70,235,914 in 1872. This was principally due to Nevada, the increase of which last year was unprecedentedly great. But the yield of Idaho and Montana has been for some years decreasing, on account of their placers being worked out, and their quartz lodes not being sufficiently developed.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Nuggets of Gold Laying about Loose'

The extravagant laudations of the country along the Northern Pacific, indulged in by "Carleton" and Sam Wilkinson, are not to be mentioned beside some of the descriptions of the Black Hills country which abound in the Eastern papers. Taking Custer's florid report for a text, language is entirely exhausted in describing the magnificent disclosures made by the recent exploration. The land is declared to be of unsurpassed fertility, and the scenery such as poets love to portray in fancy, with rich nuggets of gold, lying about loose, sufficient to pay the national debt a thousand times over. It is said the rough troopers were reluctant to leave the enchanted country. Thus the imaginations of eastern people are fired with enthusiasm, and it will not be a surprise if the government shall be obliged to keep a large force in the field next summer to prevent unauthorized pre-emptors from taking possession of the Black Hills before the Indian title is extinguished.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

The Expedition a Blessing.

But the discovery of gold in the Black Hills is of comparatively little importance beside the established fact that this hitherto unexplored region consists of rich, fertile, agricultural lands. The discovery of gold in California served a good purpose in drawing thither speedily a large population. But the wealth of California to-day is not so much in her gold mines as in her rich, agricultural lands, and her luxuriant pastures. The precarious search for gold in her rugged mountains and her uncertain streams, would never have given California the important position she now holds. But her gold mines stimulated immigration, and hardy settlers soon developed her agricultural resources. The same thing is likely to occur in the Black Hills country, provided gold in paying quantities is discovered. Yankee greed of sudden wealth will lead many an adventurous spirit to that country, who, failing to make "his pile" in the mines, will settle quietly down to raising wheat or corn, or to building up a "cattle ranch". In this way the Black Hills expedition may confer a great blessing upon the country.—*St. Paul Press.*

Death-dealing waters.

The Coulsa Independent says: About one half mile over a mountain from Bartlett Springs, there is what is called the Gas Spring. This is probably the greatest curiosity of the mountains. The water is ice cold, but bubbling and foaming as if it boiled, and the greatest wonder is the inevitable destruction of life produced by inhaling the gas. No live thing is to be found within a circuit of a hundred yards near this spring. The very birds, if they happen to fly

over it, drop dead. We experimented on a lizard on its destructive properties by holding it a few feet above the water; it stretched dead in two minutes. It will kill a human being in twenty minutes. We stood over it about five minutes, when a dull, heavy, aching sensation crept over us, and the eyes began to swim. The gas that escapes here is the rankest of carbonic acid, hence its sure destruction of life; also quenching of flame instantaneously.

Geyser Land.

The Virginia City *Madisonian* says:—Parties are forming for Geyser-land, and some of them are making preparations to start by the 20th of the present month. A reconnoitering of the curiosities of Wonder-Land, affords the tourist and pleasure-seeker an opportunity to examine some of the grandest wonders of nature that have been discovered. We shan't make any fuss about the matter, but would advise all who are susceptible of appreciating squirt-guns of a mammoth size to git for the Geysers.

Short of a Long Story.

The least said is truly the soonest mended. Decent people who find life to short to wade through the filth of the Brooklyn scandal, may like to have the pith of the case laid before them in its four cardinal points, now all in evidence, and fatally correlated by the dates:

TILTON TO MOULTON.

December, 1870. Six months ago I learned from my wife that H. W. Beecher had dishonored my home. I can bear it no longer. Bring him to me that I may mention it to him.

T. TILTON.

MOULTON TO BEECHER.

January, 1871. Tilton thinks you have ruined his business. Prove yourself his friend and it will be all right. You can stand on the truth.

F. D. MOULTON.

BEECHER TO TILTON.

May, 1873. Pay to F. D. Moulton, for the benefit of Theodore Tilton, \$5,000.

H. W. BEECHER.

TILTON TO BEECHER.

June, 1873. To H. W. B.: Grace, mercy and peace. T. T.

—N. Y. World.

M. M. FULLER,
Commission Merchant,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will find it to their interest to communicate with this house before purchasing elsewhere.

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Physician & Surgeon

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Buggies and Saddle horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

Our buggies and harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

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Stock sold on commission.

JAS. W. RAYMOND.

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5,000 Pounds Plain Building Paper,
5,000 Pounds Tarred Building Paper,
3,000 Pounds Oak Grained and Tinted Paper,
100 Kegs Cut, Finishing and Casing Nails,
600 Pair Assorted Door Butts,
100 Gross Assorted Screws.

We have on hand a complete assortment of

Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

Also, a large stock of Tinware, which is of our own manufacture. We are prepared to work up Copper, Sheet Iron or Tin on short notice.

Orders received from a distance filled promptly.

A liberal discount made to parties buying in large quantities.

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Corner Main and Third Streets, Bismarck, D. T.

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1-48ft

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General News Agent

AND DEALER IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY, OTIONS,

CIGARS, TOBACCO, PAPER COLLARS, PIPES,

SOAP, CONFECTONERY, &c.

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Strangers and others will find all the latest news-papers and a full stock of gooches.

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John Yegen, Front Street, would announce to the citizens of Bismarck that he is prepared to fill orders for cakes pies or fancy pastry on short notice guaranteeing satisfaction with reasonable charges. Fine light bread ten cents a loaf or four loaves for twenty-five cents, 20 3m

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General Supply Store,

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DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Boots and Shoes, Yankee Notions, Provisions, &c., &c., Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c.

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Groceries, Flour, Feed, Canned and Dried Fruits kept constantly on hand. Give him a call at his new and nicely fitted up Store, on Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

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Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

1-48

BISMARCK and FT. BUFORD

STAGE LINE.

The Bismarck and Fort Buford U. S. Mail and Stage line will run as follows:—Going South: Leave Fort Buford at 6:30 a. m., Mondays, arriving at Bismarck at 9:30 a. m. Leave Bismarck at 6:30 a. m., Tuesdays, arriving at Fort Buford at 9:30 a. m. Leave Fort Buford at 6:30 a. m., Wednesdays

people. Through the untiring energy of Gen. G. A. Custer, a Paradise hitherto unknown, rich in numerous minerals, has been made known to the world, and now all that remains to be done, is for Congress to open this beautiful land for settlement, and protect those who go there, from its present worthless inhabitants—the Indians.

Seventy-seven miles out we buried Sergeant Stempker, of L Troop 7th Cavalry, who died on the 26th of Aug. of dysentery. He had been a member of the company nearly four years, and was highly spoken of by all who knew him. I was unable to ascertain anything concerning his relatives excepting that his people lived in Boston, Mass.

Good grazing was found from the time we struck Heart River to Lincoln.

That section of country lying along the line of the Northern Pacific for one hundred miles west of Bismarck is the best and most desirable farming lands that I have seen in Dakota Territory, excepting the Black Hills, fully as good as the Red River Valley. The valleys of the Heart River, Sweet Briar and the Big Muddy are not very extensive but contain a deep fertile soil, with plenty of water and considerable timber.

Our route home was somewhat out of the way, taken with a view to finding the source of the Little Missouri, which has heretofore been unknown; still by cutting off the bend made from Bear Butte to the Heart, it would afford a practical route to the Black Hills.

I am satisfied, however, that the route suggested by John W. Smith, the late purveyor of the Black Hills expedition, is the shortest and best route of any suggested from the Missouri. He suggests a direct line from Bismarck to Bear Butte, entering the Hills through the Northern Pass. This route is over a fertile and comparatively level country, crossing numerous streams, affording wood, water and grazing.

Mr. Smith has resided at the lower agencies for many years and knows every route which has been suggested and he is satisfied that this is the route for exploring and mining parties to take.

On arriving at Fort Lincoln, Gen. Custer reported to the Adjutant General, of the Department of Dakota, closing his remarks as follows:

After the Head waters of the Heart River were reached we moved almost due east to this post. We examined and located that portion of the Little Missouri hitherto unknown. We marched about one thousand miles and my command, with replenished supplies, is in good condition to take the field to-morrow.

On his arrival, the General must have been gratified to find an order awaiting increasing materially his command. He now commands the middle District of the Department of Dakota, which embraces Forts Lincoln, Stevenson, Rice, Grand River Agency and Camp Hancock, with Headquarters at Lincoln.

The Headquarters of the 7th cavalry heretofore at St. Paul, will also be moved to Lincoln at an early day.

N. H. KNAPPEN.

The Negroes in Gibson County, Tenn., are reported fully organized and have determined to rise, murder the whites, take possession of their lands, &c., fully believing that Gen. Grant would sustain them in any war made on the whites. Accordingly about ten days ago they made their first assault; nineteen of them fired on two young men from a patch of woods. The young men escaped, the negroes were arrested and placed in the Trenton jail. Some of them confessed to their scheme of murder, and at night they were taken out by masked men and shot. Whereupon the negroes in the entire country were reported in arms, and armed whites poured into town from the country, giving the whole country decidedly a martial appearance. Serious trouble is anticipated in several of the southern States.

Two million six hundred thousand pounds of silver bullion was shipped from Eureka, Nevada, during the month of July. A new furnace has just been started up with a capacity to smelt fifty tons in twenty-four hours, which will materially increase the products of bullion this month.

The Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 2, 1874.

THE DELEGATE QUESTION.

The candidates are now all in the field—Judge Kidder being the Republican nominee, W. A. Burleigh, that of the Anti-Monopolists, also the nominee of a faction of the Democratic party, and E. W. Miller, the nominee of the remaining faction of the Democratic party.

Burleigh has always been a Republican, and sought a nomination this fall at the hands of the Republican party. Failing to obtain it, through the only argument known to Burleigh—money—he succeeded in controlling a majority of the Democratic Convention, and from it received that which the Republicans refused him—a nomination. Those Democrats who cared for the time honored principles of their party, bolted on the spot, organized a new convention, and nominated E. W. Miller, who, if not well known, is at least honest, and deserves the united vote of his party.

Judge Kidder received the nomination at the hands of a united party, and of eighty-six ballots cast he had eighty-four. He did not seek the nomination—he did not want it, and was constrained to refuse it, but acting on the advice of his friends, rather than from his own inclinations, he accepted it and is now engaged in the canvass.

Judge Kidder is supported by a united party, by ten out of twelve of the newspapers in the Territory, and is acknowledged by all who know him, to be a man of high-toned honor, of ability and experience, a gentleman whose private character is above reproach—a man strong in reputation, strong in intellect, strong in personal appearance, and strong in personal influence. If elected, he will be able to aid us in securing the division of the Territory, and be of service in securing the extinguishment of the Indian title to the Black Hills region, while his influence will be freely and cheerfully given to secure the passage of the Northern Pacific Aid Bill—a measure of justice—and of vital importance to the Northern Pacific country—the one measure more than in any other, in which Bismarck is interested.

Judge Kidder, though a member of the Republican party, and its nominee, is not a partisan and some of his warmest supporters in this and other portions of the Territory are Democrats. They know him to be honest and able, and that he can accomplish more for the Territory than any other man in it. It is, perhaps, a shame that it is so, and yet the fact remains that a Republican can accomplish most with a Republican Administration, and until a change in the Administration can be had it is good policy for a Territory asking favors, to send a delegate who is in harmony with the Administration.

The salvation of Northern Dakota depends upon the aid extended to the Northern Pacific. If that bill passes, the bonds now worth thirty cents on the dollar, will command a premium; the road now at a dead halt will be pushed, making Bismarck a live town in every sense of the word, while everybody will have something to do, and will get their money for doing it. We need not tell our readers—or those of them who have witnessed railroad construction—what the effect will be; they know.

These advantages will not be reaped by Bismarck alone, but by every town on the N. P.; to some extent, by every settler, while thousands more will come in to till the soil, or engage in other pursuits. The advantage will not end here, but will extend from Lake Superior to the Pacific, and Bismarck instead of being the terminus of a plug road, closed four months in the year for want of business, will be an important town on the "Highway of Nations;" a junction for at least three other roads which will be completed by the time the N. P. is connected with its Pacific end.

Burleigh is an enemy of this enterprise, and during our bluest days, it was a favorite saying of his, that "the Northern Pacific Country had gone to hell, with all the nations who forgot God."

Burleigh is an avowed enemy of the Northern Pacific, and a part of the money squandered by him in securing his nomination, was black-mailed from that company—thirteen thousand dollars in one lump.

In his private conversation, and on the stump, he has LIED about the country, representing it as barren, and so sandy, windy and dry that the dirt was blown away from under the road-bed, leaving the ties and rails like mere skeletons resting on the prairie, forming hog-backs to such an extent as to make travel dangerous.

This is but one of his many inventions used to bring the N. P. to terms, not caring who was injured so that Burleigh was benefitted.

We will not speak of his character—he has none. No one pretends that he is honest; that his word can be relied upon under any circumstances; that he is a friend to this locality or any interest, unless he can make some money out of it; that he could accomplish anything for the Territory that could not be reached far better by Judge Kidder.

He knows no argument but money, expects no one to vote for him unless he makes it to their interest to do so, expects to help none unless it is to his interest to do so; and if he squanders thirty thousand dollars in the canvass—as he is liable to do, everybody, even his admirers, will expect him to steal it back from the Government or some other interest, and with good use.

Is he a proper man to represent the interest of a Territory struggling for its being; of interests struggling for existence?

If he comes to Bismarck hoping to find any who are mercenary enough to take his money, let him find them. His money will go as far towards building up the town as anybody's, as long as it lasts; but we hope he will find none who will so far forget their own interests as to vote for him.

It is for the interest of every man who owns a foot of land in Bismarck, or expects to, or a place of business, that Judge Kidder should be elected, and we trust that all in the campaign this fall, will lose sight of party, and support those men for office who can do us most good.

Dr. Burleigh is all that he is represented to be above, and his friends will not deny it, and yet he has some good qualities, and many warm friends who will sacrifice their own interests to vote for him—generally because grateful for past favors. But they ought in this campaign, to stand by their own interests, and let Burleigh pick up his support in localities where they have nothing to lose.

THE BLACK HILLS.

Custer's Black Hills expedition returned Sunday at 4 p. m., having in 59 days marched over nine hundred miles, and a portion of the command nearly two hundred miles further. Twenty-six days were spent in the exploration of the Black Hills, the entire command traversing nearly 300 miles of the valleys within their borders.

Gold was found at various places in the Hills, and in one locality in the grass roots five cents to the pan, the amount increasing as a shaft was sunk until at eight feet the yield was estimated at twenty cents to the pan, with every facility for mining at hand.

Here twenty of the men accompanying the expedition took gold claims, and declared their intention to return, so soon as peaceable possession of the country can be obtained.

The claims taken are estimated to yield from \$25 to \$100 per day to the single miner.

The Running water region, where the Indians tell of nuggets lying around loose, and forming riffles in running streams, and the Big Horn region, where gold is known to abound, were not explored for want of time.

The marches were rapid and the halts necessarily brief, so that extensive research could not be had—bed-rock in no case being reached—and yet gold was found in almost unlimited quantities, silver and lead, plumbago, mountains of iron, and inexhaustible beds of gypsum.

The country is described as a Paradise, as well as an El Dorado; all speak of its wonderful beauty and productiveness.

Running Antelope protested against the country being explored by white men, insisting that if they once set foot within the Black Hills, no matter whether they found gold or other precious metals, they would want the country because of its agricultural worth.

Running Antelope was right. The Black Hills, the only ground the Indians can call their own, north of the Indian Territory, must be surrendered. The white man has need of it. Little by little every foot of ground from Plymouth Rock, westward, and from the immortal mill race, eastward, has been surrendered, except a mere spot known as the Black Hills—sacred ground to the savage, and on which the foot of white man had never fallen until Custer broke in—and now that must be yielded up. And why should it not?

The Indians have not occupied this land, and do not occupy it, and but seldom visit it. Because of their superstition, excited perhaps by its almost unimpassable barriers, the beauty of its valleys, the splendor of its glittering rocks, the magnificence of its pine clad precipices, its delicious fruits, babbling brooks, and last, but not least, the singular echoes of its vales, not to speak of its minerals, they have regarded it as sacred ground—the hunting ground of the Great Spirit, but a spirit greater than the Indian's god wants it now and it must be surrendered.

Already mining and exploring parties are outfitting at various points, and men determined to do or die, expect to spend the coming winter within the rocky confines of this beautiful land.

They will go from the east, west, south and north, and the rush can no more be stayed than could be the onward current of the Mill Race flood. On the one hand—impatience—on the other gold—imaginary picket lines will not stop the rush. The hardy pioneer will occupy the land, and of the Government he only asks that he be let alone. He will take care of himself—and of the Indians too, if it is left to him to do it.

Congress must interfere, however, and purchase of the Indians, for the sake of decency, at least, their supposed right to these lands. A post should be established on the Belle Fourche, and another on the Little Missouri, west from Bismarck, and still another, at the Northern Pacific crossing of the Yellowstone. Then send Custer over there and let him loose, and our word for it, the Indian question will be settled, so far as the Black Hills region is concerned.

The expedition made a splendid trip, and achieved splendid results. Its loss in men was three of dysentery and one shot by a comrade, and in stock fifteen or twenty animals abandoned. Not a shot was fired at the hostile Sioux—indeed none were seen that were positively known to be hostile.

Elsewhere details of the trip may be found.

Best Route to the Black Hills.

From Bismarck to the Black Hills, there are three routes suggested, one directly over the country, crossing numerous streams, affording an abundance of water, a fair amount of timber, and good grazing—almost an air line. This is the route preferred by John W. Smith, who is familiar with the country, and with all the routes proposed by Sioux City and Yankton parties. There is not a foot of "bad lands" on this route—they are west of it, along the Little Missouri, and Yellowstone. By this route the distance from Bismarck to Bear Butte is 200 miles.

Col. Ludlow speaks very highly of a route following the trail made by the expedition on its return, up the valley of the Heart, then striking across the country, from the head waters of the Heart River, to Bear Butte, avoiding the bend made by Custer in the exploration of the head waters of the Little Missouri. The distance by this route to Bear Butte is about 250 miles. Custer's Gulch is 40 miles from Bear Butte it should be remembered.

Another route is suggested, via old Fort Pierre, which is about half way between Bismarck and Yankton. The distance from Fort Pierre to Bear Butte is a little nearer than from Bismarck.

but it takes 200 miles travel to reach it. The route suggested by Smith is undoubtedly the best of all routes suggested, and, a trip over it is no worse than a trip over the country from Bismarck to Fargo, and can be made in ten to fifteen days.

Organize at Once.

There are many reasons why it is better to go into the Hills this fall, than to wait until spring. The Indians will not expect a raid this fall, and will not be on the alert to prevent it; the military is powerless to prevent small parties going in but could stop large expeditions. When once in the Hills means of defense could be adopted without molestation from the Indians, who do not visit the Hills except in summer time, and preparations for next summer's campaign could be made. The very fact of taking possession of the Hills this fall will cause the Government to see the necessity for immediate actions, looking to the extinguishment of the Indian title, and will therefore help that project along. Men who know the route are ready to lead to the new El Dorado.

The Beecher Investigating Committee have made their report completely exonerating Mr. Beecher in the matter of the Theodore Tilton charges. This result was not unexpected, for there was not evidence enough of his guilt to convict a man of the worst possible reputation of petty larceny, before any jury of intelligent citizens. Still the report will not be satisfactory to a very large class of people, who were determined to hold Beecher guilty, no matter how far short of making a case Tilton might fall. The matter is not ended, however, for Tilton has sued Beecher for damages claiming \$100,000, and Bowen has sued the Brooklyn Eagle, also claiming \$100,000.

The New York World correspondent says the Black Hills is not occupied by the Indians as their home, but is reserved as a sort of back room, a convenient hiding place, where after the commission of some crime, they could quietly withdraw and await the return of quieter times. And he adds, the fear of Indians alone will not prove sufficient to deter men seeking gold, from entering and occupying a country in which they have reason to believe precious metal lies stored. If the Government does not open the way, private enterprise, backed up by the courage of the western frontiersman, will. So mote it be.

"When Burleigh goes canvassing in Northern Dakota, he must tell them all the good thing he learned of the Northern Pacific country about the time he was a contractor up there."—Sioux City Journal.

It is one of the Doctors favorite sayings that the Northern Pacific has gone to hell with all the nations that forgot God, and his frequent boast that he "helped send it there." Will the Dr. pay for the candles and masses for its "repose" if he is elected to congress?

"John Paul," the versatile correspondent of the Springfield Republican, says that amid all the safeguards of the domestic hearth, about which so much has been written, I know none quite so sure as to marry an ugly woman. One can then bind his brew with sweet garnishes of peaceful security and leave his wife behind him for two or three days, with the serene confidence which a Christian feels in four aces.

Gen. Davidson, with four companies of the tenth cavalry, had a fight with the Kiowas under Lone Wolf and Woman's Heart, a few days ago, losing three men, and killing many Indians. The fight occurred at Wichita Agency. Davidson, while disarming Big Redfoot's band of Comanches, was attacked by the Kiowas and the fight ensued.

Ann Eliza sued Brigham for a divorce from her nineteenth part of him, and wants her back pay. Brigham pleads poverty and a big family. Eliza wants a thousand dollars per month and twenty thousand for counsel fees.

Those who want a splendid Chromolithograph of Gen. Custer, and the Bismarck Tribune one year for two dollars should enclose the amount, and address the TRIBUNE, Bismarck, D. T.

Black Hills Expedition.

Thrilling Letter From the Pioneer Correspondent—Herds of Elk and Deer—Killing Grizzlies—Lost in the Black Hills—A Headstrong Sergeant—Bears Ears' Grief and Mad Bull's Disgust—Wanted to Scalp Him.

BLACK HILLS EXPEDITION, Aug. 8, 1874.

Special Correspondence St. Paul Pioneer.

The morning after the departure of the courier with our last mail, Gen. Custer and his party left their bivouac and in a few minutes reached the South Fork of the Cheyenne, crossed over and rode several miles down the west side. The last 20 miles before reaching the river is through a poor and hilly country. The soil, naturally thin, is rendered almost barren by drought. The timber gradually runs out. On the river only a few small cottonwoods grow. On the southward the trees, and plains extend in.

BADLY SCARED.

The killing of two grizzly bears in one afternoon, would, of course, create intense excitement. Every body was anxious to go out a hunting, and everyone expected to be successful in the capture of the biggest game. Around the evening camp-fires, hunting stories were told, and hunting parties were organized for the next day. Some were so excited that they hardly closed their eyes in sleep that night.

Revels sounded at 3 o'clock in the morning, and soon the whole camp was active. The fires were re-kindled and blazed up brightly, warming and drying the chill, damp, foggy air. Breakfast was soon prepared and over, tents were struck and loaded, and before it was fairly light the camp ground was deserted.

A fog had settled down over the mountain and valley, and nothing could be seen beyond fifty yards.

Numerous hunting parties had started out, all full of animation and excitement, ready for deer, elk, grizzlies, or Indians. For some time the advance of the train and its direction could be known by the playing of the bugle. At length the playing ceased or the sound was lost in the distance. There was but little conversation, lest the sound of voices might startle the game, and except an occasional gunshot, scarce a sound could be heard. For several hours it almost groped our way, up the valleys, across the ridges, through the forests and thickets and over fallen timber. Our party was guided in part by the sound of the land in part by a compass carried by Prof. Winchell. We first started westward, then southward, and finally swung around into an easterly course, the direction in which our days march was to be made. This detour brought us, as we supposed, about two miles from the train, on the left flank, the train to our right.

Confident of being right, we were moving quietly along through a clean grassy avenue only a few yards wide and bounded on each side by a handsome growth of young pines. Suddenly our horses pricked up their ears, as if they saw something ahead. We strained our eyes in vain to pierce the fog. We saw nothing, and rode on. Presently, directly in front of us and coming towards us, uprose, like apparitions out of the mist, three armed horsemen. They were a sergeant and two men out hunting. They thought the train was to the left hand and going eastward. We thought to the right hand and going westward. One or both parties must be wrong. The safest plan was to run no risk by going forward in either direction, but to return to the train at once. All of our party, except myself, did this. The sergeant was an experienced hunter and woodsmen, and I thought it safe to follow him. My object was to find a pair of elk horns attached to the skull—detached horns could be found by the wagon load. Had declined the offer of a ride, and did not expect to kill any game.

We followed the sergeant, several miles, going a little north of west. We ventured to suggest that it was hardly possible that the train should move so far westward, and we had gone around ahead of it that it had crossed our trail in our rear and it was going eastward opposite to the course we were traveling. But the sergeant was sure of being right and still pressed on. The fog lifted and we found ourselves up a most charming little valley. Plenty of deer were seen and many shots fired. Some of them were wounded, but they all escaped, running off into the woods and thickets. The grass was loaded with moisture, and from every bush we touched there fell a shower of dew-drops. From riding in the fog and under the trees and among the bushes and through the grass, we were almost dripping wet. As we rode along, the stillness of everything made every little sound the more impressive. There was not the slightest breeze. Occasionally we would hear the melancholy croak of the raven, or the dismal gurgle of the big blue crane as it flew over our heads; sometimes the whirling of the swift wings of wild duck, as disturbed by our approach, it rose from the quiet waters of the beaver pond; sometimes the concert of many blackbirds, and the twitter of a sparrow, the crow's dull cau, the distant drumming of the pheasant, or the sweet carol of some mother-bird over her nest of young ones. In some places the timber came quite down to the brook's edge, and the tall pines and spruces were festooned with long pendant mosses, and the shade beneath was never broken by the entrance of a single sunbeam. Everything was cool and damp, and covered with the softest carpeting of moss. The cold water lay like a moist crystal in the pebbly, rocky pool, and mirrored fit boudoir for the innocent deer and spotted fawn to make their toilet. Still on we went. We saw elk horns, rocky mounds, and big tracks of the ugly grizzly. We saw beavers dams and ponds and houses; and tracks which they had cut down to browse upon or use in dam building. We were so interested and so charmed that hours and miles passed by unnoticed. At length awakened as from some reverie or vision of delight, we saw that the sergeant was still leading us westward. He said he was right. We thought he was certainly wrong. He consented to go to the top of a peak nearby. We went, but could neither see or hear the train. We were in perfect solitude among the mountains. He consented to go westward a while and see if we might perchance get some glimpse of the train. We went westward for miles, down a valley parallel to the one we had just gone up and just like it and leading into the same creek. We followed it down to its junction with the larger valley, the one in which was our last night's camp. The sergeant would return no further; said he was right and had been right all the time; would not stop to counsel or advise, but started west with his men to meet the train by a short cut. We had followed him eighteen or twenty miles, and felt sure that he was mistaken. The morning hours were all gone, our horses were already tired and hungry, and to longer follow him was only to go further astray.

Rather than climb these steep, they attempted to reach the plains by going down the canon of Custer Park Creek. This canon is 7 or 8 miles long and has perpendicular walls, from five to eight hundred feet in height. They followed it seven miles, through pools and over its stony bed, till at length they came to a great rock, lying across the chasm, which forbade all further advance, compelling them to return and climb the ridge.

The night before leaving the lower camp in Custer Park, Gen. Custer returned to the chief, One Stab, his pony, rifle, and all his other things, gave him five days rations, bid him good bye, and had him quietly passed beyond our lines about nine or ten o'clock, so that he might put at least a night's travel between himself and danger from our blood thirsty Rees. The old man, though 63 years old, is straight and tall, sits up gracefully in his saddle and rides well. He was glad to be free again, and ere daylight the camp was doubtless many miles on his way to his agency; nor long would he delay till the smoke of his own tepee should gladden his eyes and his arrival make happy the hearts of his squaw and papooses, and the wonderful story of his captivity and deliverance be related to his astonished countrymen. When our Rees found that he was indeed gone and out of their reach, they were moody and silent. The chief, Bloody Knife, slunk to the rear of the marching column and scarce spoke a word all day, except to say that he felt ashamed and disappointed.

The chief, Bear Ears, went to Gen. Custer, and, after expressing his displeasure, resigned his office as one of the guides of the expedition. Mad Bull, (appropriately named,) made a great speech, showing that he and Bear Ears should have been allowed to take out and kill and scalp the poor old, emaciated, disarmed, unfeeling captive. Gentle, magnanimous, noble, Christian red men! Heroes and martyrs to them they all.

By triangulation, the engineer corps ascertained that Harney's Peak is 4,200 feet above the level of our lowest camp in Custer Park. They suppose this camp to be about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, giving to Harney a total height of about 9,000 feet.

During our sojourn in the Hills there have been a great many fine rains and thunder showers, both by day and by night. The echo of the thunder as it rolls and rumbles and roars and trembles along the mountain gorges is deeply impressive and sublime. As thus:

"From peak to peak, the rattling crags among, Leaves the live thunder."

the soul that is not utterly devoid of sensibility, must be awed into reverential silence, as seeing man's littleness and Deity's omnipotence. Sterns on the plains have more of terror, more of danger, but less of grandeur.

These summer rains clothe the mountains and the vales between, with the richest verdure, and cause the cool springs to gush forth in never failing abundance. So copious and life-giving are these rains, that in two valleys where we have recently encamped, the millions of grasshoppers that covered the earth, and swarmed in the air, were not able to eat up the vegetation as fast as it grew, and the valleys were green and afforded excellent grazing. On the plains and in the States, one-half such a grasshopper scourge would devour everything.

We were encamped in Custer Park about seven days. There is but one sentiment in regard to it: In natural beauty it cannot be surpassed.

We commenced the return march August 6th, and followed the old trail back about thirty miles, and then struck off eastward through Elk Morn Prairie, in the direction of Bear Butte. After crossing a mountain ridge, a camp was located in a green meadow, beside a cool mountain stream. The train was still several hours behind, and Gen. Custer and Col.

Ludlow, Bloody Knife and private woman, went up the valley a short distance, looking for a road out the next morning, and also having an eye for any game that might be near. Presently Col. Ludlow saw a herd of deer and commenced counting them, one, two, three, four, five—when Bloody Knife exclaims, Moto! moto! (bear! bear!) Immediately the deer were forgotten, and all parties paid their compliments to the bear in rifle shots. Bruin ran off some distance through the brush and among the trees. Finding himself wounded and hotly pursued, he came to bay and prepared for fight at close quarters. He reared his huge form up on his hind legs, with his back against a pine tree and his face to the foe, and with his fore paws very politely gestured to his lately made acquaintances to come forward to a friendly pow-wow and hand shaking, and a still more friendly hugging. His courteous invitations were only answered by cold lead, soon to be followed by a keen bloody knife in the hands of Bloody Knife, searching for the great jugulars through which flowed the tide of life. Bruin died. He was an old dark brown grizzly. He was taken into camp that all might see the first grizzly bear ever shot by white men in the Black Hills. He was placed on a big rock, his four captors just in the rear, and the group was photographed. You will want the picture.

Later in the afternoon, one of the Santees, Red Bird, killed another grizzly, and brought in the skin and part of the meat. The common black bear, and the large common bear are found here.

BADLY SCARED.

The Scenery Beautiful, the Grass Splendid, Water Fine, and Climate Delightful."

CAMP NEAR BEAR BUTTE, AUGUST 15, 1874.

Correspondence St. Paul Pioneer.

From the camp where the two grizzlies were killed, eastward to the outer ranges of the Hills, for a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, the whole country was once covered with heavy pine forest. At least two and probably thirty years ago it was nearly all destroyed by fire. A young forest sprung up, in some places of pine, but generally poplar; but it, too, has been destroyed by fire within three or four years. This doubly scourged region is the most drear of any part of the Black Hills. The very richness and unbrokenness of the forest caused its more utter destruction. Yet the springs and streams still flow and the valleys are rich with pasture. In one of our camps, bounded on all sides by dead and burned timber, there was a spring of 45° temperature, and yielding enough water to supply 10,000 people.

Just inside the eastern ridges, the General changed our course and marched the command, by easy stages, for several days down the valley of Elk Creek. The living timber made its appearance, and gives to the lower Elk Creek country a look of freshness and beauty that strongly contrasts with the dreariness of the burned districts. From the mountains lying on the east side of the creek, there are fine and extensive views on the plains. In the south, Harney's Peak can be seen, overlooking all around; in the northeast, Bear Butte seems near by, while further on, in the distant blue are Slave Butte and Deer's Ears.

On the lower bottoms of Elk Creek, we find white oak, birch, elm, ironwood, wild grapes and wild hops. (These hops may be the same as the cultivated variety.) A reconnoitering party under Lieut. Gould traced the meanderings of the creek through the mountains and for several miles on the plains. Like all other creeks on the east and south side of the Hills, it leaves the mountains through deep gorges and canons. The lovely parks and valleys of the interior are most oftenly shut in. Only indomitable energy and zeal could ever find a way for a wagon train to pass through these secluded retreats.

While on this creek, our Rees killed their first elk. In the evening they had an Elk Feast and Dance. The entertainment was in the edge of the pine forest, and around the bright camp fires. Whole sides of the elk were set up to roast, on long pins stuck in the ground. It was well cooked. They declined salt on their fresh meats. Whilst the meat was roasting, they danced to the music of sticks beaten on frying pans and tin wash basins. It was perfect in time, but lacked everything else to charm. We are apt to consider dancing as easy and graceful, lithe, and fascinating. But in the Rees' dancing, all these are wanting, and everything else, (except time) that could render it pleasing. They never straightened up; but keep the knees bent and the body inclined forward, while the head is thrown up to stare around. Each one dances independently of all others, except that they jostle against and stumble over one another. They jerk up their feet and stamp them on the ground as awkwardly and clumsily as bears, clowns, or Calibans. They make no vocal symphonies, but grunt and whoop-howl and groan. Some wore trowsers, and others leggings and breech cloths. Some wore shirts and others only blankets. They were bare-footed and wore moccasins, boots or shoes. On their heads wore hats, or caps, or cloths, or only long, laughing, black locks. Their clothing was as diverse in color as in kind. Uneducated pigs or orangutangs could exceed them in these secluded retreats.

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But they are not employed as dancers. As scouts, they are invaluable. Under the guidance of the chief and gallant young Lieut. Wallace (who has charge of them), they have scoured the whole country over in advance of our marching columns. If any hostile Sioux had been anywhere in front of us or on the flanks, these ubiquitous and most cunning scouts would certainly have found them out. Where they scour the country, no ambush could be successfully laid. The Santees are more civilized, but not more useful. All these Indians have had their peculiar work to do, and they have been taught to do it well. White men could hardly equal them in the capacity of scouts.

Strongly in contrast with the hideous dancing and music of the Indians, are songs sung by the white men around our camp fires. "Fairy Bell," "Bonny Jean," "Lightly Row," "Over the Sea," "Poor Joe," and many others have been rendered in a style worthy of professional vocalists. The Santees sing the most charming of our Sunday school songs, and sing them well. Sunday school songs sung by Indians, in the depths of the Black Hills!

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Custer's Official Report.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF THE DAKOTAS.

A Graphic Description of the Black Hills Country.

GOLD BEARING QUARTZ CROPPING OUT IN EVERY HILLSIDE.

Fifty Pieces of Gold the Size of Pin Heads From One Pan.

The following are extracts from Gen. Custer's report, of which we gave a partial synopsis in the *TRIBUNE* of the 12th inst.:

HEADQUARTERS BLACK HILLS EXPEDITION, 8 1/2 MILES SOUTHEAST OF HARNEY'S PEAK, AUG. 2, VIA FORT LARAMIE, 8th August.

To Assistant Adjutant General, Department of Dakota, St. Paul, Minn.

* * * * * On the 20th we crossed the Belle Fourche and began, as it were, skirmishing with the

Black Hills.

We began by feeling our way carefully along the outlying ranges of hills, seeking a weak point through which we might take our way to the interior. We continued, from the time we ascended from the valley of the Belle Fourche, to move through a very superior country, covered with the best of grazing and abundance of timber, principally pine, poplar, and several varieties of oak. As we advanced the country skirting the Black Hills to the southward became each day more beautiful.

Inyan Kara.

On the evening of the 22d we halted and encamped east of and within four miles of the cave Inyan Kara. Desiring to ascend that peak the following day, it being the highest on the western range of Black Hills. I did not move camp the following day, but taking a small party with me proceeded to the highest point of this prominent landmark, whose height is given at 6,600 feet. The day was not favorable for obtaining distant views. I decided on the following morning to move due east and attempt the passage of the hills. We experienced considerable delay by fallen timber which lay in our pathway. With this exception, and a very little digging, rendered necessary in descending into a valley, the pioneers prepared the way for the train, and we reached camp by 2 o'clock, having marched eleven miles.

A Wonderful Aspect.

We here found grass, water and wood of the very best quality, and in great abundance. On the following day we resumed our march up this valley, which I explored several miles the preceding evening, and which led us by an easy ascent almost southeast. After marching nearly twelve miles we encamped at an early hour in the same valley. This valley, in one respect, presented a most wonderful as well as a beautiful aspect. Its equal I have never seen, and such, too, was the testimony of all who beheld it. In no private or public park have I ever seen such

A Profuse Display of Flowers.

Every step of our march that day was amid flowers of the most exquisite colors and perfume; so luxuriant in growth were they that the men plucked them without dismounting from the saddle. Some belonged to new or unclassified species. It was a strange sight to glance back at the advancing columns of cavalry and behold the men with beautiful bouquets in the hands, while the headgear of the horses were decorated with wreaths of flowers fit to crown a queen of May. Deeming it a most fitting appellation, I named this "Floral Valley." Gen. Forsyth, at one of our halting places, chosen at random, plucked seven-

teen beautiful flowers belonging to different species, and within a space of twenty feet square.

Custer's Carpet.

The same evening, while seated at the mess table, one of the officers called attention to the carpet of flowers under our feet, and it was suggested that it be determined how many different flowers could be pluck without leaving our seat at the dinner table. Seven beautiful varieties were thus gathered. Professor Donnelson, the botanist of the expedition, estimated the number of species in

Floral Valley at fifty, while an

equal number of varieties had

bloomed, or were yet to bloom.

The number of trees, shrubs and

grasses was estimated at twenty-

five, making a total flora of the

valley embrace 125 species.

The Beautiful Valley.

Through this beautiful valley meanders a stream of crystal water so cold as to render ice undesirable even at noonday. The temperature of two of the many springs found flowing into it was taken and ascertained to be forty-four and forty-four and one-half degrees respectively. The next morning, although loth to leave so enchanting a locality, we continued to ascend this valley until gradually, almost imperceptibly, we discovered that we were on the crest of the western ridge of Black Hills, and instead of being among barren heaths, as might be supposed, we found ourselves winding our way through a little park whose natural beauties are unsurpassed.

Harney's Peak.

With a small party I proceeded to Harney's Peak, and, after great difficulty, made the ascent to its crest. We found this to be the highest point in the Black Hills. From the highest point we had a view of Bear Butte, in the north part of the plains to the east far beyond the Cheyenne river. Our party did not reach camp till near one o'clock that night, but we were amply repaid for our labor by the magnificence of the view obtained. While on the highest point, we drank the health of the veteran out of compliment to whom the peak was named. On the 1st of August we moved camp a few miles simply to obtain grass, simply keeping near the base of the hills to the east of us.

* * * * *

Beautiful Parks and Valleys.

The country through which we have passed since leaving the Belle Fourche river has been generally open and extremely fertile. The main portion of that passed over since entering the unexplored portion of the Black Hills, consists of beautiful parks and valleys, thro' which flow a stream of clear, cold water, perfectly free from alkali, while bounding these parks or valleys there are invariably found unlimited supplies of timber, much of it being capable of being made into good lumber. In no portion of the United States, not excepting the famous blue grass region of Kentucky, have I ever seen grazing superior to that found growing wild in this hitherto unknown region. I know of no portion of our country where nature has done so much to prepare homes for husbandmen, and left so little for him to do as here. In the open and timbered spaces a partly prepared farm of almost any dimensions, of an acre and upward, can be found.

Nature's Arrangement.

Not only only is this land cleared and timbered both for fuel and building, conveniently located, with streams of pure water flowing through its length and breadth, but nature oftentimes seems to have gone further, and placed beautiful shrubbery and evergreens in the most desirable locations for building sites. While on Harney's Peak I could contrast the bright green verdure of these lovely parks with the sun-burned and dry, yellow herbage to be seen on the outer plains. Everything indicates abundance of moisture within the

space inclosed by the Black Hills.

Wild but Delectious Fruits.

The soil is that of a rich garden, and composed of a dark mould of exceedingly fine grain. We have found the country in many places, covered with wild raspberries, both the black and red varieties. Yesterday and to-day we feasted on the latter. It is no unusual sight to see hundreds of soldiers gathering wild berries. Nowhere in the States have I tasted cultivated raspberries of equal flavor to those found growing wild here, nor have I seen them as large or in as great profusion. I have seen hundreds of them here. Wild strawberries, currants, gooseberries and wild cherries are also found in great abundance, and of exceedingly pure quality.

Food for Stock.

Cattle would winter in these valleys without other food or shelter than that which can be obtained from running at large.

Gold Has been Found.

As there are scientists accompanying the expedition, who are examining into the mineral resources of this region, the result of whose researches will accompany my detailed report, I omit all present reference to that portion of our explorations until the return of the expedition, except to state what will appear in any event in the public prints, that gold has been found at several places, and it is believed by those who are giving their attention to this subject, that it will be found in paying quantities. I have upon my table forty or fifty small particles of pure gold in size averaging a small pin head, and most of it obtained to-day from one panful of earth.

Extent of Explorations.

As we have never remained longer in our camp than one day, it will be readily understood that there is no opportunity to make a satisfactory examination in regard to deposits of valuable minerals. Veins of lead and strong indications of the existence of silver have been found. Until further examination is made regarding the richness of the gold, no opinion should be formed.

Gold Bearing Quartz in Every Hillside.

Veins of what the geologists term gold bearing quartz crop out on almost every hillside. All existing geological or geographical maps of this region have been found incorrect. This will not seem surprising when it is remembered that both have been compiled by guesswork and without entering the country attempted to be represented.

G. A. CUSTER,
But. Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Commanding Expedition.

The New Eldorado.

Black Hills Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.

The country which the expedition traversed has proved to be one of the most fertile and beautiful sections in the United States. Indications of the gold were discovered a week ago, and within two days its presence in sufficient quantities abundantly to repay working has been established beyond a doubt. How large an area the gold section covers cannot be ascertained without further exploration; but the geological characteristics of our country, the researches of our prospectors and all indications point to valuable fields. So far we have obtained surface gold alone. Our miners have yet to find a good quartz lead. The extinction of the Sioux treaty will

open a beautiful and highly productive area of country hitherto entirely unknown. Grass, water, and timber of several varieties are found in great abundance; small fruits abound and game is plentiful. The valleys are well adapted for cattle raising or agricultural purposes, while the scenery is lovely beyond description. The flora is the most varied and exuberant of any section this side of California. In this respect it is a new Florida; it may prove to be a new Eldorado. The command is in good health, and the explorations are being rapidly conducted.

Maj. Forsythe's Report.

All Attempts to Enter the Black Hills from the East or South Futile.

They Can Only be Reached From the North or Northwest.

The following is Gen. Forsythe's report, dated Aug. 2d:

GENERAL.—I have the honor to inclose herewith extracts from my journal of the progress of the expedition from day to day.

"Thus far we have had little trouble in going wherever we desired through the mountains, and have not been molested by Indians at any time. So far, they have either been ignorant of our whereabouts or have studiously kept out of our way. I think the former, for they cannot conceive of our getting into the heart of this country, as they know that any attempt to enter it from the east would be futile; but we have flanked the position by entering the mountains from the north, or, more properly speaking, northwest; and, after once finding the way in, there is a perfect succession of valleys and small open prairies, or highlands, in nearly every direction.

"The hills are covered with good pine timber, and the vales with the best of grass for grazing purposes. Springs abound throughout the valleys and on the hillsides in all directions. We have crossed quite a number of streams of good pure water, generally two a day, and sometimes more. Game in the shape of deer is abundant, the hunters of the command sometimes bring in ten or fifteen head per day. The weather is delightful; air cool, pure, and bracing. There is no lack of rain here, as everything in the shape of vegetation grows strong and luxuriant. Small fruits, such as wild currants, gooseberries, red raspberries, strawberries, and sarsaparilla, are in profusion. Taken all in all, I do not know of a country west of the Missouri that begins to offer the inducements to stock and sheep-growers that this will as soon as civilization shall push this way.

"Until within a few days the only stone met was sandstone, with some hematite iron ore. Now we are in a region of the coarsest kind of granite, seamed with quartz, which the gold prospectors say is very encouraging. Thus far the miners who are with us have not had much of an opportunity for prospecting, as we have been almost constantly moving. Within the last four days, however, they have discovered gold and silver in small quantities, and say the indications are all they could desire; in fact they assert with the utmost confidence that a careful examination of the country will, in their opinion, open up paying gold diggings and rich silver ledges. Should they prove true prophets, these beautiful little vales will soon be occupied by a farming community. Tomorrow, Gen. Custer, with three companies, Col. Grant and myself, will push a reconnaissance southward through the mountains toward the south fork of the Cheyenne, in the direction of Ft. Laramie. We will be absent for three days.

"Upon leaving our present camp we will take the back trail for about thirty miles, and then push north for Crow Peak and Bear Butte. From that point we will send in another mail, unless the Powder River Indians trouble us, which old One Stab—the Sioux chief whom we arrested, and who is to a certain extent our guide—thinks they will. The command is in superb condition every way. We expect to reach Ft. Lincoln on the 31st inst. I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

"Geo. A. Forsyth,
"Major and A. A. D. C."

THE STORY OF FIVE ACES.

A Little Game at the Arkansas Hot Springs—How Col. Gordon Defended His Honor.

It is a story of five aces, says an exchange. It was at the Hot Springs of Arkansas, where only gentlemen and ladies—not ordinary men and women go. Ephraim Taggart, of Mississippi, and Colonel Charles Gordon, of Galveston, Texas, were there, and they were engaged in a very pleasant game of cards. Mr. Taggart lost all his money, and then, with two aces in his hands, put up his watch against \$200, and called. The Col. with much suavity, and a like amount of presence of mind, showed three aces, and immediately raked in his watch. Then for some remarkable reason, Ephraim Taggart got angry and said there had been cheating; he never in his life before knew that a single pack or deck of cards had five aces. Col. Gordon had no time to argue the matter, however. He could simply see the astonishing fact that he had been insulted by the Mississippian. Most men, it strikes us, would have stopped to reflect as to how the extra ace came in the miserable pack. Col. Gordon merely remarked that he had been insulted, and drawing a knife stabbed Ephraim Taggart to the heart, quietly remarking as he wiped the blood from his knife, that he guessed that would settle it. It was the most dignified argument from beginning to end on the part of Col. Gordon. That excellent man could see nothing, could listen to nothing but the astounding fact that his honor had been insulted, and could reach no conclusion but the one at the point of his knife—sometimes rudely mentioned as murder. The refined society at the Hot Springs quite unreasonably conceived it a duty, however, to call up Col. Gordon at a sort of court martial. There the Colonel stooped to consider the matter in several of its bearings, and magnanimously explained. There were five aces in the pack—that nobody could deny. But had there never been similar accidents before? How should he know that his opponent held the extra ace? He was not a clairvoyant and he did not pretend to any extra wisdom as to cards. He was a gentleman, and he simply knew that his honor had been at stake. He had played a friendly game with Ephraim Taggart, and that person had charged him with cheating. What might a gentleman do? His hearers must reflect that murder was his only refuge from a blasted character. The statement, we need hardly remark, had its appropriate effect. The court martial gently censured Col. Gordon for having been "over hasty in defending his honor," and then let him go; first, however, we doubt not, inviting him to a supper; and the next day the body of the too thoughtless and unhappy Ephraim Taggart was gently laid in the most convenient graveyard. And we shall not visit the Hot Springs of Arkansas this year. The weather is too warm and the journey too long and dusty.

Paying Gold Diggings and Rich Silver Ledges.

Major Geo. A. Forsyth's report to Gen. Sheridan of the discoveries made by the Black Hills expedition, is quite as favorable as the report of Gen. Custer. He says the hills are covered with pine and the valleys with the best of grass; there are frequent springs and streams of pure water; game is abundant, the air delightful, and vegetation luxuriant; currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries are in profusion; taking all in all Major Forsyth does not know of a country west of the Missouri river that begins to offer such inducements to stock growers, and to crown all other attractions, he expresses confidence that a careful examination will open up paying gold diggings and rich silver ledges.—*St. Paul Pioneer*.

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK AND VICINITY.

Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 2, 1874.

Services at the Presbyterian Church in the morning at half past 10 o'clock, in the evening at eight. Bible class and Sabbath School at half past two. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Babbit metal may be had at the TRIBUNE office at 25 cents per pound.

Dr. Slaughter has placed on our table a hen's egg, as large as a common goose egg. Not a productive country, eh?

Flour and Feed at Clark & Bill's.

The TRIBUNE would do almost anything to gratify "A Boy in Blue," excepting to print original poetry. We can't do that except under the head of new advertisements and at fifty cents a line.

Potatoes and Vegetables at Clark & Bill's.

Dr. Slaughter is only a cleric in the post office at Bismarck, now. He resigned sometime ago, and Mrs. L. W. Slaughter was appointed post-mistress.

Ale, Porter and Lager Beer at the St. Louis Liquor Store.

At the Sunday evening service at the Presbyterian Church communion was celebrated, and the organization of the Church fully completed by the ordination, by the pastor of John W. Fisher and Robert McKee as ruling elders.

Stearns & Louis, Painters and Sign-Writers, Bismarck, are doing some splendid work, and are making a reputation for themselves which will count to their advantage.

The TRIBUNE boys remember Oscar Ward in their prayers and are indebted to him for some very fine melons. Henry Ward brought into town, last week, a watermelon weighing fifteen pounds.

Fresh arrival of Goods at Dunn & Co's Drug store.

Col. E. M. Brown's surveying party has been encamped for the past week at 16th Siding, about twenty-five miles east of Bismarck, and they are making good progress in the sub-division of lands in the townships adjacent thereto.

No. 1 Plymouth Buck Gloves at Marshall & Campbell's.

Messrs. Ross and McKay deserve a handsome testimonial from somebody, for their discoveries in the Black Hills. They went out there at their own expense, no pay for their time, furnishing their own outfit, not even rations being furnished them, and have made discoveries of untold value to the N. P., to Bismarck, and to the entire country, and we repeat, they deserve a reward from somebody. Let not ingratiate force them to transpose their affections to another locality.

The first Fresh Oysters of the season will arrive at Forster's Restaurant on Friday evening, and will be sold by the dish or can.

Fred Strauss, Bismarck, jeweler, one of the best workers in the country, and an excellent gentleman, is receiving a new stock of watches, clocks and jewelry. Fred has some very fine goods—among them lady's gold watches, fine American watches, etc., etc. Special attention given to repairing.

New stock of notions and fancy articles at Dunn & Co's.

Billy Regan told a Chicago newspaper man that in the Yellowstone Expedition, last year, they met with petrified birds in the petrified branches of which petrified birds sang petrified songs to a petrified audience of frogs. This was indeed petrifying, but Courtney tells of a man who got drunk and was frozen to death last winter, and when found this spring he had petrified maces about him. He had them in his boots when he was frozen, and they petrified.

A new invoice of fine Kentucky whiskies just received at the St. Louis Liquor Store.

S. L. Hehl, our "King of Barbers," has moved his shop into the store just east of McLean's, on Main Street. He is fitted up in splendid style, and has two of the best chairs in the northwest. Franklin has moved the "Princial Branch" into the same building, and will assist Chris, as of old. Chris's hot and cold baths ready at all hours. He has one of the finest places in this section. Go in and see for yourself.

Choice Liquors and Gingers—the purest and best at Dunn & Co's.

The appearance of the Exchange is greatly improved by the construction of a side walk and the erection of hitching posts.

J. W. Watson & Co. have received a large invoice of Ready-Made Clothing, the assortment extensive and well selected; also dry goods, dress goods, millinery goods, etc. Prices very low for cash.

Potatoes \$1.25 per bushel at McLean's.

P. M. Eckford, merchant tailor, has returned from Chicago, bringing a very fine and well assured stock of cassimere, geneva furnishing goods, etc. He has one of the best cutters in the country, and is turning out work as satisfactory and as cheap as St. Paul's establishments. All work is turned out promptly.

Choice family flour, ham, bacon, etc. at McLean's.

Imported Ales and Porter at the St. Louis Liquor Store—the same will be served at the bar in Sample Room and Billiard Hall.

Kaufmann & Co. have opened an entrance to their produce and liquor store on Main Street, thus having two entrances. They have rented the entire building of Shaw & Co., and are making extensive improvements. We are glad to see our friends doing well, and as they keep splendid wines and liquors the public ought to patronize them.

Just received a lot of Imported Ginger Ale at St. Louis Liquor Store, will be sold at low jobbing rates, and will be served at the bar in the sample room and Billiard Hall.

Clark & Bill are receiving the most complete at stock of Clothing and Furnishing Goods ever brought to Bismarck.

The best assortment of clothing and gents' furnishings in Bismarck at McLean's.

J. W. Raymond & Co. have just received a new stock of trunks, valises, clothing, hats, caps, gloves, etc., which will be sold very low for this market.

The St. Louis Billiard Hall is the place to get Bass & Co's English Ale on Draught, also Youngers and McEwan's Ale, and Guiness' Porter.

A large assortment of British Hose and wool socks at Marshall & Campbell's.

Just received from the east a large assortment of ladies' and children's shoes and slippers at Marshall & Campbell's, which will be sold at Bed-Rock Prices. Call and examine their stock.

Golden Seal and Ike Cook's Imperial Champagne in quantities to suit, at the St. Louis Liquor Store—the same will be served at the bar in sample room and Billiard Hall.

Call at McLean's for anything you want in the grocery line.

We can recommend Kauffmann & Co's Old German Fort Wine as the best west of New York. It is a good thing to have a gallon in the house.

No. 1 Morocco leg sewed boots, latest style, go up on short notice at Marshall & Campbell's.

Go to Clark & Bill's for your Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crocker, Hardware, Mining Tools, Camp Outfits, and every necessary for a Black Hills Camp.

Kaufmann & Co. now sell Butter and Eggs at retail and have always on hand the latest and best articles. Give them a call.

Money by Express.

On and after the 20th day of August, the U. S. Express Co. will carry money at the following rates from Bismarck to St. Paul:

\$25 and under	15 cents.
\$26 to \$50	25 "
\$51 to \$75	40 "
\$76 to \$100	60 "

Money carried to any point in the United States at proportionate rates.

Cheaper and safer than registered letters.

W. S. BROWN, Agt.

The services of the Episcopal Church will hereafter be held on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, in the school house. The change has been made at the request of a majority of the members who prefer the morning instead of the evening service.

Acceptance and Announcement.

BISMARCK, D. T., Aug. 27th, 1874.

Messrs.

Bailey, Hollenbeck, Gilson, et al., GENTS:—Your flattering request for me to become a candidate for the Council at the approaching election, "independent of politics, and untrammeled by party ties," is before me.

Like yourselves, I believe that in the coming contest, the true interests of Northern Dakota demand that old party lines should be ignored, and men be elected to represent us who are the servants of no clique or faction, but who will labor disinterestedly for the common good of the whole community.

Such, if elected, will be my course of action.

Thanking you for your preference, I cheerfully accede to your request, and hereby announce myself as an *Independent Candidate* for the Council at the coming election.

Respectfully,

B. F. SLAUGHTER.

A Card.

CAMP CLARK, D. T., Aug. 29, 1874.

Editor Bismarck Tribune:

DEAR SIR:—There have been some pretty hard hits in the *Gopher Mirror*, of late, and some that were too indecent to publish in any paper; the one to which I refer, concerns a married lady. Whoever wrote it has entirely forgotten that his mother was a woman, and one who did not write it has been very unjustly blamed for writing an article he had no hand in.

C. A. C.

Kauffmann & Co. always sell Potatoes, Cabbages, Onions, etc., at the lowest prices, and it pays to call on them.

Pine Old Hennessy Brandy and McCulloch's Old Tom Gin, imported in glass at the St. Louis Liquor Store.

All Imported goods at St. Louis Liquor Store are taken direct from U. S. Bonded Warehouse, and are warranted genuine.

Fresh fruits of all kinds at Stimson's.

Peaches, Pears, Apples, Plums, Grapes, etc. fresh at Stimson's.

Send your friends the TRIBUNE one year and receive a fine chromo lithograph of Custer, for \$2.

James H. Hallet, Brainerd, will ship cranberries to any point on the N. P. by express C. O. D. Orders left with J. A. McLean, Bismarck, will be promptly attended to. Cranberries constantly on hand at McLean's. 52tf

PERSONAL.

Capt. Bates and command left for Ft. Ripley Tuesday.

S. L. Beckett called east by the illness of his father, left for Buffalo yesterday.

Mrs. Col. Bradley and daughter have gone east, and the Colonel mourns. Were those tears tokens of sadness?

Col. Fred Grant made hosts of friends in Bismarck. He is a quiet and an excellent gentleman. Returned to Chicago.

Prof. Grinnell of Yale College, young but interesting, was exceedingly well pleased with his trip to the Hills; also Capt. North.

Mr. Currite, the *Inter-Ocean* man did not learn of the burning of his Chicago property until after a consultation of the TRIBUNE files.

Capt. Clarke was welcomed back to Bismarck by hosts of friends Monday. There is no officer in the army more worthy and genial.

Fred W. Powers, the "Joe Bush" of the St. Paul Press, shook his pocket rope and went home with the remainder of the boys Tuesday.

Gen. Forsyth left yesterday for Gen. Sheridan's headquarters. Two of his reports appear elsewhere. Prof. Forsyth's reports can be relied upon.

Lt. Chance dropped in on the TRIBUNE Monday. He left his limp in the Black Hills, having recovered from his injuries received when his horse fell upon him.

Prof. Winchell carried east something over half a ton of geological specimens, some of them very interesting, concerning which we shall have a report in due time.

John W. Smith was in town yesterday. John knew something of the Black Hills before, but he is wholly satisfied now, and is ready to return with the first expedition from Bismarck.

Wm. Courtney of Ft. Berthold Indian Agency is in the city making numerous purchases for the agency, and amusing his friends with anecdotes. A very pleasant gentleman he is.

Mr. Barrows the popular New York Tribune correspondent, left for New York yesterday. He was ordered to join the Big Horn expedition which left Rawlins some time ago, but it was too late.

H. W. Illingworth the popular St. Paul photographer returned to St. Paul happy in the consciousness of having some sixty Black Hills views, all exceeding fine. They will be on sale in Bismarck in about two weeks.

Col. Ludlow the jolliest among the explorers, doffed his buckskin and left for the east yesterday. Custer, Ludlow, Bloody Knife, and the bear made a picture that should will please. The TRIBUNE may want to chrono it.

Prof. A. B. Donaldson, the author of the popular *Pioneer Black Hills* letters, called yesterday. The Professor aimed to give a conscientious report, and he succeeded; and made it readable too. Two of his letters appear elsewhere.

Judge A. G. Chaffield and wife of Belle Plaine, spent Sunday in our city. The *Austin Register* is referred to Judge Chaffield who will inform if that there is not a foot of "bad lands" between Bismarck and Fargo, a distance of 300 miles, notwithstanding their recent statement to the contrary.

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River News.

The Katy P. Kounts passed Omaha last Thursday. The May Lowry is lying above Knife River waiting for a new head. She will leave the first of the week for Carroll.

The Western left for Yankton Saturday to aid in relieving a pressure of freights.

The Fenian will leave for upper river Saturday morning, taking to the May Lowry her new machinery.

There is a very large amount of freights here for up river, including 140 tons of Diamond R, and 90 tons of Benton freights.

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

A LITERARY AND TYPOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITY

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was gaping wide, the rosy wine had ebbed away, and left its crystal side; and the wind went humming; up and down the sides it flew; and through the red-like hollow neck the wild notes on it blew. I placed it on the window, where the blast was blowing free; and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me. "They tell me, puny conquerors! the Plague has slain his ten, and War his hundred thousands of the very best of men; but I"—twas thus the bottle spoke—"but I have conquered more than all the famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come ye youths and maidens, come drink from out my cup the beverage; that dials the brain and burns the spirit up, and puts to shame the conquerors that stay before this deluged millions with the lave-

ture of woe. Though in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll, yet while I kill'd the body I have numbered the very soul. The chol-

era, the sword, such ruin never wrought, as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breath upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road to death.

BREAD AND BUTTER.

Some years ago, the Committee on Bread and Butter, at the Dorchester (Mass.) Agricultural Fair, closed their report with the lines given below:

The girl engaged in moulding bread Shall make some sweet-heart flutter, With hope to get the dairy maid To make his bread and butter.

<p